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Antithesis.

A glimpse of snow,
A fleeting show
In April's cooling showers ;
'Tis chilling through,
Of foreign hue
To summer's leafy bowers.

A dash of rain
On frozen pane
In winter's blustering weather ;
It warms you through,
It joys anew,
For it tells of Spring's green heather.

A stinging word
From cold lips heard,
Its sharp you inmost feel ;
But pity's glance
Kind words enhance,
And heart's strong gates unseal.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.

Silent Influences.

WHO has wrought the wondrous change in nature! But a fortnight ago, the fields were barren and the meadows sear and the trees bare, and now the earth is covered with a green carpet, and buds and flowers are everywhere. What power can so change the face of nature and so silently that "no mortal is alert enough to be awake for the bursting of the earliest bud, or for the actual song of the first bird." It is the silent influences of nature. For weeks they have been at work in forest and field, unnoticed by man. For weeks the rays of the sun have been beating the earth, melting the snows, and thawing the earth's hard crust, and raising the sap in the trees; and the warm breezes from the south have been breathing upon bush and tree and flower, awakening them to life. And now the earth has burst forth into a loveliness that surprises and gladdens the beholder.

It is the same in the life of man. Here, too, silent influences operate gently, imperceptibly, but not the less surely, preparing the soil and helping or hindering his growth. Indeed, man is largely a creature of them, not altogether so, because he is a being endowed with mind and free will, and therefore with the direction of himself, still, many of his qualities and accomplishments are traceable to them. It is only because men do not perceive these influences, because they have not learned to observe and reflect, that they are at a loss to account for this or that man's development.

The sway of the silent influences of life may be said to commence with the day of a man's birth. As the child looks into the kind faces of its parents, it is made vaguely conscious of their love, and its young nature responds to its gentle influence as the plant responds to the warm rays of the sun. Who can overestimate the influence of the home

on the life of man? It is both the soil and climate in which the seed is placed and in which it must grow. In the atmosphere of the home the child learns lessons which are never forgotten; there it imbibes virtue or vice, love or hate, in short, all the qualities which enter into the character of a man.

Along with the influences of the home go those of the school. Who can measure the power of the latter? To be trained in heart and mind, and to learn the lessons and ideals of life from a good, generous and enlightened teacher, means much to a child. What an influence clusters around a school-room under the care of a pious Sister. Words fail to express that something which the child imbibes from her sweet presence, her humble garb and saintly countenance, her gentle words and actions, her quiet, restful manners and peaceful soul.

A child is impressed by everything it sees or hears, particularly by everything that is beautiful and good. No place but leaves its influence upon the opening mind, no action or event of beauty or significance but stirs it deeply. The influences of the Church must therefore not be overlooked in speaking of the silent forces that shape a person's life. The church building itself with its towering spire teaches that religion is man's chief concern in life, and within is the vast dome, which seems to reach into immensity, the altars, and the statues, which seem so life-like, and the richly colored windows, from which beam the faces of Christ and his Blessed Mother and the saints. All this speaks to the child's heart and mind, and so does the kneeling congregation, the sacred actions, the light, incense and music. It is a new world, a world of mystery and wonder, in which the child finds itself—a world in which it receives glimpses of the great world beyond, towards which it learns to shape its course.

As the child steps out into life, it finds itself again surrounded by a multitude of silent influences, which, like currents of air, breathe upon it and influence it for good or evil. An old saying has it that we are "the children of our age," but this might be paraphrased to read that we are what the

silent forces of life make us. Youth is, of course, the time when man is most responsive to influences of every kind, but no one will deny that they continue to operate also in later years. We cannot escape them, for they are everywhere. We feel them in our contact with men, in our work and recreation, and in the hours of silent communion with books.

How many people realize the influence of literature? Next to religion it is the force that influences man's character most profoundly. I have in mind at present two persons, in whom the study of Macaulay and Shakespeare wrought such a change that their friends noted it with surprise. Much has been written about the influence of books, though it is surely more correct to speak of the influence of authors, for it is the author that influences us, more than the book. It is his spirit, his manner of thinking, his personality that impresses us. Such, at least, is the case with authors of a marked individuality.

There is no doubt that the silent and subconscious influences of life are not appreciated as they deserve to be. What is not seen or felt or heard is disregarded. If they were fully understood, men would take greater care to strengthen the good influences, in public and private life, and to repress the bad. If that were done, we would have fewer criminals, and a nobler race of men.

DANIEL MCSHANE, '09.



“Tiddly-Winks.”

TIDDLY-WINKS was a man! “Didn’t Dad tell him so — Dad, who always stuck up for him when he was naughty? And wasn’t he six years old, almost as big and strong as Brother John?” This was his birth-day, and Dad had told him that men don’t ever cry. So Tiddly, down in his little heart, had formed a grim and silent purpose—a resolution so great that its greatness almost appalled the brave little man — that he wouldn’t cry anymore.

Away from the early breakfast table, to which his new inheritance had given him a right, sedately walked Tiddly — great in his importance, for he had told Mamma that he was a man now, and had to have coffee at his meals, just like grown-up folks. And he got it, thinking it only a necessary consequence of his newly acquired “mandom.”

So away he walks, blissfully unconscious of the smiles of Father and Mother and John, and goes out to feed his chicks, giving his very own “Biddy” and her little family of eleven the very best of the corn-meal and a whole half egg-shell, which he had found back of the kitchen door. “Funny that she didn’t seem to know that he was a man now?” And then watching the old mother pilot her chicks to the far off wheatfield across the orchard, a grand idea came to his mind. “He would do like Brother John did sometimes when he went fishing or hunting; he could take an all day trip to the woods and watch the little squirrels and the chipmunks and the rabbits and oh! so many things that he could’nt think of just now.” No sooner thought of than he started.

But suddenly he stopped; a puzzled little frown gathered on his diminutive forehead. “Why, he must have something to eat. Who ever went on such a trip without provisions?” And then Tiddly ran to the house, but he wasn’t sure if he

was going to tell Mamma or not. "Of course, she would approve — no doubt about it — but since she's up-stairs I guess I won't bother her," thought Tiddly, "and I'll just fix up my meal myself." So he took a loaf of bread that lay in the pantry and a big cake of butter that he stuck in the end of the loaf. He was not very select for he was in a great hurry, so he finished up by taking a pie that was cooling in the window. "And now I'll just tip-toe out," he said to himself, and was soon on his way to the woods and out into the wide, wide world.

"The woods were only a half mile away, but it took him a long while to get there. However, he arrived at last, tired but proud. For hadn't he put an awful big pig to flight, and hadn't he walked right through the cow-pasture where Black Bess was, even if he did keep close to the fence?" And now he explored the woods. "Why, he had never thought they were so big and black and dark; but no! he wasn't afraid, for hadn't Dad told him that he was a man — and men were never afraid?" So Tiddly wandered about, forgetting all about his lonesomeness by watching a great big squirrel running about and thinking that if he had John's gun, he would shoot the squirrel; and he scared up so many rabbits and ran after so many, and threw stones at so many that he couldn't count either the rabbits or the stones or the times he had run after the rabbits. At last he sat down by a big tree, and there tired little Tiddly prepared to eat his dinner.

"To be sure, it didn't look very tempting, for he had mashed the pie long ago, and the bread and butter were a little dirty on account of the number of times they had fallen on the ground, but that didn't matter so long as he was hungry; to be sure, it would have helped matters wonderfully if he had had a knife to put it on with, but then he could put the butter on with his fingers — it would taste quite as well." Gee, but it was good, for he ate half of the bread and had part of the remaining half between his teeth when he dropped against the tree. His eyes were closed, and little Tiddly was soon asleep.

All afternoon from two o'clock on, after which time on

account of his most conspicuous absence they had grown alarmed, they had hunted him. Granaries, corn-cribs, hay-mow, every place where he could have fallen asleep was searched. At last toward evening he was found. It was big Brother John who went to the woods with a gun and commenced firing it off every little way.

Tiddly rubbed his eyes. "Where was he?" It was getting dark, and as remembrance flashed back to his mind, fright overcame him. Hoot! Hoot! Hoot! "What was that?" He didn't know — that big man — that it was only the evening orisons of some owl. Big tears began to roll down his cheeks, and the morning resolutions were all forgotten. He was lost—that was all he cared about—and what would they do at home without their "little boy?" Oh! There was a gun-shot, and somebody was calling him. And over stones and through briars he ran and met — big Brother John. His reception was not one calculated to stop tears: "Nice way this, kid, to be running us all over the country looking for you. Come, trot along home, and go to bed." But John soon relented, seeing Tiddly's tired little limbs, and taking him upon his big strong shoulders, brought him home — to Mamma.

He was soon in her arms, sobbing like a real natural, long lost child of six. "I wanted to be a man, but I don't want to any more and I'm going to cry all I want to." And cry he did, unmindful of Dad and the audible smile of Brother John.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.



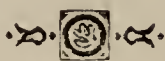
Voices of May.

A VE, AVE, hear the whispers
Wafted on the morning breeze.
Softly, softly, it comes sweetly
From the verdant balmy trees:
And still in accents clearer heard,
From every nook the warbling bird
In festal tone proclaims high jubilees.

Ave, Ave, in clear numbers,
O'er the hill and o'er the bay,
Nature now reechoes sweetly
Happy angels' blightsome lay.
For when thou, Virgin blest, hast smiled,
She sings her morning Ave wild.
And hails thee, Blessed Maid, her Queen to-day.

Ave, Ave, from the cloister
Comes the choir's joyful song.
Hearts swell high, O dearest Mother
And thy blessed name prolong.
For as the rose, when first the dew
Lays kisses, on its new blown hue,
So you appeared amid this sinful throng.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



A Superficial Idea of the Practical.

THERE is an opinion prevailing that whatever will not yield a prompt material return is unpractical. Many of the best people of the land have been deploring this fact for some years. And with good reason, for it is not easily imagined how insensibly this false opinion grows within the hearts of thousands of well-meaning individuals. It prevails among all classes, but especially among students, as it is but natural for them to imbibe the views of the people. Yet, judging from the present outlook, scarcely any benefit can be claimed for it, on the contrary, failure, or, at least, scant success is mostly the consequence.

We are aware that it takes both time and patience to acquire deep and lasting knowledge. Not all students seem to realize this fact, or do not care to realize it. They go to the easiest college, carry on a mere discursive study and then leave as soon as possible, with the hope of reaping a fortune at once. Now, this is certainly not commendable, neither is it practical. There is no love of excellence or ideals actuating one who seeks only material benefit. He may indeed be successful in parading knowledge for a short period, but in the end he will find that he is sadly not what he would like to be. And why is he disappointed? Because he cared little or naught for the future and looked too much to the present. He studied just long enough to enable himself to be for a while what he would always have been had he properly cultivated his own powers. If he would be a practical man, it ought not be a question with any student of what he is to be after a month, or a year, but what he is to be at all times and all places, whether much money be forthcoming or not.

A person cannot entertain hopes of success who builds up his character hastily and carelessly, for when it comes to a test of actual worth he will be like a hollow ball of gold, perfect in appearance, but on being weighed found wanting. Many who seek knowledge in this manner, would do well to remember the lines with which all are familiar:

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again.”

“Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring,” that is the point which they forget, although the time for thinking and doing what is best is always at hand. Yet, how can one who aims at material good, look rightly to that which is best, namely, the spiritual? This is exactly what the generality of modern students so sadly neglect. There is no true and proper cultivation of faculties; the will is not disciplined, and the heart and imagination are not trained; hence, how can they be prudent, how can they love the true, the beautiful, and the good; in other words, how can they show that they are men of culture?

The effects of this weakness are easily seen, for when an opportunity of great import presents itself to one who belongs to this class of light-armed, he seizes it eagerly, when time and occasion bid him wait, and in consequence is rendered none the better, but far the worse for his experience. On the other hand, let opportunity come to him who is armed with what true knowledge gives to man, a sterling character, and it will enable him to carve for himself a place in life, such as he longs for and such as he deserves.

However, it is not to be wondered at that the number of those students who manage to keep themselves free from this false opinion is small, for this opinion is well-nigh universal in sweep. You will find very few who have not been infected by its germs in some way or another, since we live in an age which is highly superficial in many regards. When environments and public opinion are not favorable to a person who loves to dwell in the world of inward ideals, he will

necessarily suffer; as these two things are the most potent factors in the making of men at present, and are also equally potent in the unmaking of them. As long as the voice of the general public shouts forth shallow views on certain subjects, so long will they sink into the hearts of men and be hearkened to by many to their own misfortune.

Passing from the subject of college to that of daily life, we have but to regard the views of two great classes of individuals, for their views are in a degree common to all. In the ranks of the one are those men who love ideals and live for them. They have a fitting aim in life and have builded so well that mankind shall ever rise to call them blessed. Public opinion cannot swerve them from the path of duty, which closely binds them to their family, their country and their God. The external counts for little with them, but they long to obey the internal voice, which never fails to guide aright. They realize that sincerity is the golden chord which binds man to a life of usefulness and perfection. Theirs is a life which affords rich returns, and one that is filled with other values than those of money.

The other class is made up of those who before doing anything always wonder how much profit it will bring them. Their life is a striving for material good, which ends only in death. They cannot estimate things according to their real worth, for they know little about them. If they succeed in pleasing the populace and satisfying themselves, they think all is well done. The life for ideals is entirely out of the question. The life to come!—Pooh, what do they care for that. They say “when one is dead he’s dead, that’s all there’s to it.” Their motto of life is: “Get all you can, as best you can.” This will suffice for this class, and we may judge whose life is the more practical, that of the man who spends his days in the feverish pursuit of wealth, knowing of little else, or that of the man who leads the full human life, who pays attention to the wants of his soul, and who finds satisfaction in deeds of charity and benevolence. Who in old age will consider his life to have been practical?

Every country on the globe sends forth a sigh for the

man who lives for ideals of righteousness and who knows how to estimate things according to their real worth. That it is not impractical for any man to live for ideals, the following extract from a speech of Archbishop O'Connell will show:

“ ‘Not practical’—that is the word to stifle every aspiration for the ideal. That is the very doctrine which takes the soul out of all that is best and noblest in human life. It is the canker-worm of modern methods which is eating into the very vitals of Christianity itself, gnawing at the roots of every plant destined by God to bring forth beautiful blossoms, fragrant with the odor of fraternal love. Not practical because not selfish; not practical because ideal.

“Do they forget that in such heartless analysis every holy sentiment is reduced to ashes? It is this deification of the practical that is turning human hearts to stone. It is this destruction of the ideal which has become the blight in human life, which as it progresses outward from the individual attacks the family associations, friendship, society and even religion itself; withering the very heart of man and drying up in its progress friendship, love, patriotism and devotion—for all these subjected to the alchemy of selfishness, must appear unpractical, unprofitable and therefore useless.”

Seeing then, that nobler ideals endow us with a broad and noble view of life and guard us against narrow selfishness, thereby enabling us to lead a truly practical life, it must dawn upon all that there should be an end to a one-sided devotion to the material, and to that which is presently useful, to the neglect of those things that make life worth living and insure permanent success. Such a policy is detrimental alike to the individual and the community, and anything but practical.

ALBERT A. FATE, '08.

The Passing of War.

(An Address.)

IT is a strange spectacle that the history of the human race presents. As our eye travels along the centuries, there arise before our mind bloody fields on which men are engaged in merciless slaughter. In small bands or in large armies they hurl themselves upon each other, and cease not until the corpses of their opponents strew the field. The further back we go in history, the more numerous these scenes become, until men seem but little removed from brutes. They rend and tear each other with such evident delight, and regard it as their life's work.

The mighty emperor Caesar Augustus was holding sway over the Roman state, when a band of heavenly messengers announced to a few poor shepherds on Judea's hills the birth of Christ, the Prince of Peace. "Peace on earth to men of good will"—the sentiment that has leavened the world, was the God-man's first message to His creatures. And how well has His Church through the centuries aided the promulgation of this heavenly sentiment. How much more strife might we have had but for the mitigating tenets of Christ's doctrine? How many more nations with the pagan idea, "to live to fight," might have arisen! Wherever the Gospel of Peace entered, a mildness before unknown also entered. Strife, for its own sake, dates its death from this time on.

True it is, we have had wars in later times, even in the present century. Great standing armies and huge monsters of the sea threaten each other still, but all indications point to Peace. Before long the era of universal peace will dawn, like a new golden age. Poets no longer sing of the arms and the hero. They would find but little response in the hearts of the present generation. Men are bent on peace, and on the arts of peace. Organized effort is being made

in every land for the spread of this heaven born quality. The Mohawk Conference in our own country and the International Peace Conference of the Hague show that mankind is generally coming to realize that war is a calamity, and that it is time for bloody strife to cease.

Mankind is beginning to deplore the needless waste of life entailed in these grim strifes. What a spectacle to see thousands of young men drafted into the army and navy, sacrificing home and education, wrecking body and perhaps soul, becoming either the food of the cannon or the victims of idleness and its concomitant vices. Officers, whose work in life might have been higher and nobler, whose intelligence and talents might have served to uplift humanity instead of diminishing it, now live their life in the pursuits of war and in the pernicious idleness of camp. Is that why your mothers have brought you into the world, and your fathers labored in the sweat of their brow, that in the flush of your young manhood you might be blown to dust in war, in a war that arose over some petty dispute, over a piece of territory? No, human life is too sacred that it should be thrown away so cheaply, and fathers and mothers are coming to understand this. No longer will they, like the Spartan mother, send their sons to be slaughtered in myriads. There is enough loss of life in the ordinary course of nature without inaugurating such mighty catastrophes.

The great expense attached of the maintenance of the armies and navies of the world is beginning to be deemed by the people a useless and extravagant outlay. It is inexcusable. Thousands in every land are crying for bread, while garrisons and armored flottilas are sustained by the hard earned money of the inhabitants. There are so many uses to which the money of the world may be put, educational, charitable, religious and economic, that it seems a shame to waste it on armaments and the trappings of war.

This age of intellectuality and growing international fraternalism is not the era of physical contention but the era of diplomacy and peaceful vindication. Might is not right, but war is an attempt to prove it such. What a pernicious

example to the individual, who in church and school is taught to avoid strife and to cultivate peace, to see the great ones of this earth, who are supposed to be his betters in everything, declare a bloody and destructive war. Does not that teach them that "Might is Right"?

All over the world men are engaged in the arts and sciences, building and improving cities, erecting beautiful homes and raising magnificent tabernacles to the Most High. Country vies with country in the splendor of her cities and beautiful scenery. Should war now enter with its woeful pageant and erase all this, the result of a century of peaceful labor? Imagine a war in our own fair land or in picturesque Europe, lands thickly dotted with towns and cities, schools and churches.

But we hear a voice saying: "War is necessary for the physical development of a nation." War necessary for this? War that destroys instead of building up, that maims and debilitates instead of preserving, that takes the best years of man's life and leaves an army of scarred veterans! That war is necessary for the physical development of a people, is a Grecian and Roman principle that has long since been supplanted by the doctrine of the Prince of Peace; and mankind, instead of degenerating in peace times, develops in body and soul.

Nor is it necessary for the settlement of disputes. International intercourse has become so easy that amicable discussions can effect far more than war, which always leaves a biting sting in the hearts of the conquered. War begets war. One nation fighting another will not cease the struggle until one is crushed and bleeding from every vein.

No, war is not necessary, neither for the individual nor humanity. On the contrary, it is a waste and a curse. It is an anomaly in the twentieth century. It is a blot on our civilization that must be removed and will be removed. Let war then disappear from the earth and no more disfigure her fair face. Let it disappear like a specter of night before the dawn of enlightenment, justice, education and charity.

JOSEPH M. BOLAND, '08.

The Snowy Trillium.

WHERE first the weeping morn dosth strew,
Ere matin skies be bright,
Her tears so true, in forms of dew,
That deck the hillsides' verdant hue
With shining stars of light:

Where first on rugged mountain side,
While snows are melting free,
The ice cakes glide o'er brooklets wide
And in the onward rushing tide
Still rippling euphony:

There snowy Trilliums' queenly head
Starts from ice field hoary;
For 'tis said, ere winter's sped,
From out its cold and icy bed,
It rears its brow in glory.

The frost darts have no power to nip,
This flower so kind and true,
The sun beams dip, and snow-flakes sip,
To lay them warmed upon her lip,
As little drops of dew.

Sweet flowers that in the icy lea
Heralds the coming spring,
The birds in glee, sing songs to thee,
And hail the birth of jollity,
The happy joys you bring.

O happy prophet, seer divine,
The lesson thou dost ope
Shall ever shine, mid life's decline,
And all the brightness that is thine,
Will ever teach us hope.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

Modern Athletics.

IT is no exaggeration to say that nothing enters so deeply into the social life of the people at the present time as Athletics. In one form or another, they claim the attention of almost every one, and for thousands upon thousands they are an indispensable form of amusement. Even the much occupied business or professional man will find time on an afternoon to see a base-ball or foot-ball game, and on the days on which he can not attend he will eagerly scan the "Sporting Extra" or the evening paper for news concerning the popular pastime.

Athletics as a source of amusement and a means of physical culture are appreciated much more than ever before, not only in the College, where Athletics is recognized as an important feature, but by the world at large. So prominent have Athletics become in the life of the people that the future historian may record the rise of Athletics as one of the most important social facts of the times.

Not that Athletics are a new thing in the world. Long before England was known, or America thought of, Greece had her beautiful stadiums and gymnasiums, where they boxed with the cestus, fought with broad-swords, threw and put weights, jumped and hurdled and vaulted, and appeared to relish Athletics with even greater gusto than the American of to-day. Athletics were with them a part of their religion. On certain feasts of the year were held the games of the people, in which even kings did not disdain to compete for a prize, for the prize winner was a national hero. The Romans imitated Greek customs so closely that their sports also adjusted themselves after the manner of those of the Greeks, although in later times, they assumed a sterner and even brutal character, consonant with their sterner and coarser nature. Both nations cultivated Athletics for their practical results in hardening and strengthening the body, and preparing it for the trials and fatigues of war. Of no less warlike tendency were the contests of the spirited knights of the Middle Ages, their combating in the lists, tilt-yards and

highways, and among the yeomanry, archery, leaping and vaulting.

In our own times, thanks to a gentler spirit and higher civilization, Athletics are of a milder and more social nature. Times have changed, and men with them, physically and intellectually. Our spirit is peaceful, and the body needs no training, except to respond to the demands of the mind. Men have become more gentle and refined, more nimble than strong. Accordingly, Athletics have become more gentlemanly and more scientific, and if some of our games still have a violent and dangerous character they will have to be modified. Some, such as foot-ball, have already been much changed, in response to the popular demand for a more open game, with more of brain and less of brawn. In old style Athletics it was a question of superlative strength, now the outcome depends largely on a speedy foot, nimble body, quick eyes and an active brain, all centered in a well-developed, but not necessarily, giant-like body. It is as much a question of mind as of body. For instance, what a fine exhibition of skill, alertness, quick judgment and perfect poise and self-confidence Base-Ball affords. It is for this reason that men love it, and the same may be said of other games. Men find much in them to admire, much that appeals to their own finer qualities. It is, therefore, not at all to the discredit of the people that Base-Ball and other games in which science and skill and manly qualities are required, engage the sympathies of the people.

Athletics are certainly a wonderful means of disburdening the mind of all that the day's work has thrust upon it. Nothing so succeeds in giving relief to a man who has spent the day in close mental application within the four walls of his room as a game of ball. It absorbs all his attention, and calls all his faculties into play, and after it is over, he is once more fresh and care-free, prepared for another day's work.

Others, again, have turned to Athletics as a means of preserving or restoring their health. The need of physical exercise has never been so universally felt. As a result of artificial ways of living, modern comfort, or overstrain of

work, many have found their physical vigor decreasing, and they turned to Athletics as a recuperative means. But an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Much better to take some moderate physical exercise, like our President, keeping oneself in perfect condition than, like Secretary Root, be obliged to put oneself under the care of a specialist, after a physical breakdown.

We are all aware that Athletics are of more than ordinary usefulness in Colleges, both as a means of diversion from the routine of study and for physical development. The students who despise them, or denounce the indulgence in Athletics as a misuse of time, or as having a vulgar tendency, have long ago passed out of the walls of our institutions. Perhaps they are the men whom we now see in the cities, haggard, pale and lifeless, grumbling at the ills of life and doctors' bills. At College, no doubt, they had their desks full of various kinds of pills and medicines, in which they reposed their hopes for a long and happy life.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that in the minds of many students, athletics occupy too important a place. The spirit of a College should be that of an institution of learning, and not that of an athletic club. Studies are a student's first concern, and athletics are a secondary matter, to engage one's attention during the hours of recreation. To grow in knowledge, one must live in the spirit of it and devote to it one's best talents and efforts. A student to whom a good essay, or oration, or examination paper does not mean more than any success on the diamond, hardly deserves the name.

Considering the general effects of Athletics upon the people, one cannot help regarding them as among the most beneficent factors in life. They reflect a healthy, happy spirit and tend to preserve it. It has been said that he who furnishes amusement to the people must be ranked with the benefactors of mankind. But athletics do more than that; they stimulate mind and body, diverting the former and strengthening and developing the latter. They help men to maintain the equilibrium between mind and body, upon which the well-being of the individual so largely depends.

OTTO MUHLENBRINK, '09.

A Famous Base-Ball Game.

(With Acknowledgements to Homer.)

FAIN would I recall that base-ball game at which the First Academic was so thoroughly vanquished. As the teams took the field they eyed each other, e'en as a tiger would stare at a lion, and thus they caused the spectator to expect a battle, not indeed with bat and ball, but rather a bloody strife with sword and shield. But, verily, these fond expectations were to be vanquished, for either the juniors were dreamers of dreams, or the sore wrath of heaven was upon them.

Now did the game begin, and Higgins of the Just Judgment was appointed umpire. For he indeed had might beyond measure to make himself lord and chief ruler of all adventures, and he could also shout in unruly wise and judge wondrous well, though he knew not the oracles of heaven. Likewise did Mac Mahon of the Loud War-cry take his position near the catcher, for he was always the warm friend of the Freshmen, and e'en now he wished to partake of their victory. Also Ritz, the chief rooter, stood by, puffing away at his huge pipe, which sent forth fumes even as the fragrant incense that is burnt on the altar of some fair Goddess; and as he began to shout, his voice thundered as the cry of nine or ten thousand warriors; so bellowed he forth and rejoiced at the success of the game.

Verily indeed, he had reason to rejoice, for as Griffith of the Fair Locks attempted to catch, hateful darkness got hold of him and the expectation of defeat overshadowed him. And now did Pfeiffer of the Long Strides go up to bat, and he swung it e'en as a matron would swing a broom-stick at a neighbor's dog; and now the ball comes, and with steady gaze Pfeiffer of the Long Strides eyes it; he strikes and runs across the field like a winter whirlwind and safely he reaches

the base. Then did Nowicki of the Fair Slippers go up to bat and him did Effler of the Green Hose address in this wise: "Now, do thou display the worth of thy classical education and show thyself worthy of so illustrious a team as the Freshmen!" And, verily indeed, he did strike a fly, which even Pfeiffer of the Long Strides might not have feigned to pursue, if it were his duty. Likewise did Gates of the Noble Gait and Vincent of the Majestic Air. In like manner did the rest, and thus the game goes on with great success to the Freshmen, who are glorying in their might.

But as the game continued Higgins of the Just Judgment became sorely distressed at the wondrous success of the Freshmen, and he thought in his mind: "Why should not the fortune of the Freshmen be overthrown by my craft? Forsooth, I can invent a way of humbling their pride." For now did Chapman of the Fair Ankles go up to bat, and though he struck and missed, Higgins of the Just Judgment called it a ball. Then was Mac Mahon of the Loud War-cry sorely angered and he sped across the field with might beyond measure, and thus addressed the haughty umpire: "Thou most wretched of mortals! would that gloomy defeat and forceful hate come upon thee, for, verily indeed, thou must be a dreamer of dreams not to able to see that Chapman of the Fair Ankles has swung that bat, e'en as a woodman would swing his ax." Then did the umpire smile even as the harvest moon, but Mac Mahon of the Loud War-cry was not to be daunted. Threefold courage came upon him, as upon a lion whom some shepherd has wounded but not vanquished, and in great ire he continued: "I ween thou wilt not at all persuade me by thy abominable smile, for verily, indeed, if thou wishest not to be just I will chase thee from this field in sore flight and bring bitter pain upon thee." Then did Higgins of the Just Judgement strut hither and thither, like unto a turtle dove, and attempted to put on a look like onto a wise man, and after some time he agreed to be vanquished by justice.

Then did Golden Haired Connelly and Pfeiffer of the Long Strides and Mac Mahon of the Loud War-cry and Moh-

ler of the Steady Arm and all the Freshmen rejoice in their hearts and speak winged words to one another. Thus Chapman of the Fair Ankles was out and Eichen of the Bandaged Head followed him, but ill success also overshadowed him, and the twain lamented their lack of skill and denounced the craft of the Freshmen. Thus did the game continue wondrously well, and Brunner of the Supreme Command and Kneisel of the Shakespearean Craftiness and Golden Haired Connolly and Mohler of the Steady Arm, all did honor unto themselves by helping to win the game.

Finally was the victory completed, and then did Griffith of the Fair Locks and Eichen of the Bandaged Head and Chapman of the Fair Ankles and Sindecker of the Ill Temper and Metzger of the White Tresses and all the vanquished, raise a lamentation, that reached e'en onto the stars, and as the sun was about to take its bath in the ocean, they found little reason to take rest, but continued to pluck their hair exclaiming: "Verily, indeed, ill fortune is a sore thing to follow men!"

THE CHIEF ROOTER, '08.

Moonlight Night.

YON glorious orb holds sway o'er earth and sea;
 Her silvery sheen lies mirrored in the lake;
 Night's pearly robe enchants all nature's make.
 Each twinkling star beams forth in rapturous glee;
 The dancing rill abounds in melody.
 Fair Nature's emblems scattered everywhere,
 Drink in the deeply perfumed midnight air,
 In Silence. All is still. On moor and lea,
 And hill and vale, save where Niagara leaps,
 A gorgeous sheet into the surging stream,
 Or where the time and tide washed sands now gleam,
 A glittering waste of iridescent pearls.
 But lo! morn's genial strain to view unfurls,
 The glowing sun, as o'er the hill it peeps.

L. W. HECKMAN, Normal '08.

Magnanimity.

VARIOUS are the qualities that enter into the composition of a personality. In some we find the strong characteristics, in other the more tender. It is difficult to fix for each its proper value, as some persons prefer certain traits of character, while others are more pleased with their opposites. However, all are agreed upon some of the higher qualities whose influences are productive of real good and happiness. Among these qualities universally admired, and worthy of the dignity of man, we find the spirit of magnanimity.

The pages of history, filled with accounts of innumerable conflicts between men and nations, very often over trivial affairs, do not impress us that the spirit of magnanimity was one of the virtues of the people of old. But as time goes on, men will ever become wiser, and it is probably due to the past experience that the spirit of broad-mindedness is more prevalent at this time than it has ever been before.

No more striking example of the growth of this generosity of mind is presented to us than the spirit of reconciliation and forgiveness which animates the North and the South, after the four years of hard struggle in the civil war. Stronger than ever before have become those links which bind together the states of our great republic, and in one accord the North and the South repeat such beautiful sentiments as expressed in the "Blue and the Gray," and join together to pay respect to their honored dead. Enraptured with this noble spirit, the men of all nations have during the last few years been meeting in peace conferences, the sublime effects of which will be felt by many generations to come.

And now as to this admirable spirit of magnanimity in individuals, that which really makes the spirit of the nation. How God-like is the noble-hearted, generous, broad-minded man. Made after the image of his Creator, he assimilates the virtues of his Creator as much as mortal man can do, and

rises before all, a monument of the most noble sentiments which thrill the human heart. He stands like a gigantic oak, bestowing its shade upon the weary traveler, extending its broad limbs whereon the birds may rest, and making a place of shelter for all; as it ever bows and bends, with the winter's blast, or the summer's breeze, which sighs and seems to whisper words of encouragement to its proteges.

Education ever tends to produce this greatness of heart and mind, this dignity of soul. It is a characteristic not only of an educated and cultured mind, but also of a generous heart. Of a gentleman, it is his first distinguishing feature, for on the threshold it denotes intelligence, and a respect for the rights and privileges of others. We can look over the untidy dress, the uncouth manners, and the little learning of a man, if he possesses this intrinsic nobility; but be his rank ever so great, if he lacks this stately trait, he will surely be abandoned by his fellowmen, and left to pursue his own narrow course.

Without this broad-mindedness man can never ascend to higher stations in life. He who has a selfish, grumbling, unforgiving, fault-finding disposition, is indeed to be pitied. He cannot rise in society, for that body, especially in this country, represents the spirit of magnanimity and broad-mindedness, and has no place for the narrow brain. He cannot rise in business, not in politics, for, as that noble champion of magnanimity, and far-sighted statesman, Edmund Burke, has said, "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together."

The magnanimous and generous man will occupy the high stations in life. The little sorrows, trials and disappointments common to humanity, the little offences of others, cannot stem the genial current which flows within him, and like a mighty river he proceeds upon his course, unhampered by the winds of adversity, or by the frailties of men, stopping before obstructions but long enough to amass sufficient strength to overthrow them, and singing a song of good to cheer all men.

Finally, this high-minded and ennobling generosity is the fountain-head of many other virtues. Grounded in it are the principles of charity, of benevolence, and of self-sacrifice. From it springs love for mankind, and for all that is truly great. He who possesses this noble generosity will ever feel his reward. Nature will bestow upon him a double joy when he is joyful, and a solace in sadness, and his will be many and true friends, whose words of love will comfort him while life lasts. And when he is laid to rest, his sweet repose will be made sweeter still, when the voices of those whose lives he has helped to brighten and make happy, recall his memory, in the beautiful words of Halleck:

“Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days,
 None knew thee, but to love thee,
 Nor named thee, but to praise.”

WM. A. HANLEY, '08.



Spring.

THE peaceful song of the passing stream,
 As forever onward and onward it glides,
 Is a lullaby in which it confides,
 Its pleasures and joys to the sun's bright beam.
 It sings of the songs of which men dream,
 As the dancing beam now smiles, now hides,
 And now as it shows its dripping sides,
 It sings of summer and spring supreme.
 It sings of the forests, the flowers and the trees,
 Of the mountains and valleys and hills,
 It sings of the air, of the birds and the bees,
 Of the moss—covered rocks and the rills.
 And the mountains, and valleys, and hills, gayly ring,
 For the beautiful sound is the song of spring.

W. A. H.

To Music.

SWEET heavenly charm, like the fluttering snow,
An ocean of bliss is thy touch sublime,
The ethereal joy and happiness you bestow,
Bespeaks the messenger from the eternal clime.

Mellow and melodious in thy beat,
Like ocean's waves, or like the human heart,
Sweet sympathy you bring to this retreat;
You sigh but once, and then fore e're depart.

Enraptured to thy mystic realms I'd go,
And like a swan upon a sparkling wave,
Or like an angel that now flutters low,
My soul floats on thy crest beyond the grave.

And as thou soars above the darling flowers,
Bow to thy mystic charm a last adieu,
As upward, onward in thy flight thou towers,
They bend their little heads and weep for you.

The birds of air, the condors of the sky,
Stop in their course, as o'er them steals thy spell;
The clouds roll back, then screen thee as on high,
A guiding angel does thy craft propel.

As echoes to the fountain head flow back,
As rays that from the center have been driven,
Murmuring softly circling on thy track,
Thou makes a link between the earth and Heaven.

WM. A. HANLEY, '08.



The Village Autocrat on Dickens.

“YISIR, I read Dickens! Thought, ye could catch me up, just 'cause you've been to College, didn't ye now? I thought ye'd own up! What do I think of his characters? Oh, a tol'able sight. Ye know that 'ar Ralph Nickleby? Thar's a fellow right down this a way, that I reckon if Dickens had seen 'em, he couldn't have told the two apart. Sam Jones, his name is, and a meaner and pestier creeter never lived. He's awful rich, an' he's got three hull quarters of land. He tries to farm it all himself with one man. Why that man stays, I can't make out. He only gets about fifteen dollars a month! Batches too! Won't let any of his poor relations stay with him, and he's got an awful lot. One of his aunts went to the pore house last week. No, by gosh, a man like that oughtn't live a minit.

What about Scrooge? Oh, so—so. He's one of these shriveled up mites of men that save and scrimp and cheat all their life, an' then at last see the error of their ways, and become good afterwards. I reckon he didn't have much bringing up, though.

No, I've never seen any one that 'minded me of Squeers, the pesty critter, though I'd like to, so's I could take a smash at him. But I'll tell you what, I've seen a Mr. Pecksniff right here in town if I ever seed one. Say, Bob, you know that old Jackson that used to be here. He was a rank hypocrite—some kind of a minister of the gospel, he said he was, but I think his ministering came from another direction. Used to perform miracles here in the square; and had some people pretending to have broken legs, etc. brought to him an' he'd heal 'em. Ha! ha! Well, the people got to bitin' seeing him praying so much, and got a congregation and wanted to build a church and make himself treasurer. Sary bit for all I could do, and she finally bamboozled me out of

twenty-five dollars, which ev'ry one had to give. Deacon Jackson went on a visit soon and never returned. Had enough money to take him any place too. Yes, by gosh, ef I hadn't of been so old I'd 'a started out to hunt him down myself, it made me so mad. The hull town tuk in so easy, huh!

But, fellers, I'll tell you what. It makes you feel something mighty mean sometimes when you read of some of his good people. There's some people that knows what to do with their mony jist the same as the Cherryble Bros., though I'm afraid, there's mighty few.

Ha! ha! —(after a long silence)— I was just thinking of Oliver asking for 'more'. Pore little feller! I tell ye, that Dickens can crack a few jokes alright. He gets me started laughing sometimes, and I just can't quit. And he describes men so funny, I just can't see how he does it. He gets so many different ones, and so different. He dosn't say the same thing or describe a person like another, not once't. Well, I guess, Sary's got dinner ready. So long—boys!"

CHARLES PFEFFER, '08.

A Letter.

LIKE music o'er the silvery waves,
 That soft sea breezes do conjure,
 Like water lilies that allure,
 In babbling brooks o'er rocky ways,
 Like moonlight when its shadowed gaze,
 Falls on the snow flakes, white and pure,
 Like words that sooth the heart and cure,
 Their letter brought the sun's bright rays.

Although the day is clouded much,
 And mist and fog rolls all around,
 For me 'tis fair as fair can be.
 For outward nature cannot touch,
 That soothing strain my heart does sound,
 Since now I know they think of me.

W. A. H.

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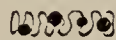
Raphael F. Donnelly, '08, Exchanges. Joseph M. Boland, '08, Athletics.
Charles Pfeffer, '09, " Louis M. Nageleisen, '09, Societies.
Leo Faurot, '10, Leo Spornhauer, '10, Alb. Ritzenthaler, '08, Locals.

Editorials.

THE SECOND annual contest for the prize offered by the St. J. C. Alumni Association for the best essay in English will close on the first of June. Type-written copies must be submitted before or on that date. The essays are to contain no less than fifteen hundred, nor more than three thousand words.

At the meeting of the Alumni Association to be held on June 17, it will be definitely determined whether in future a cash prize or a medal shall be awarded to the winner in this contest. For the present year three prizes in cash have been declared which, it is hoped, will increase the number of contestants. Last year a commendable amount of interest was shown in this contest, and the essays submitted gave

evidence of much literary ability and no little industry. We expect no less this year. If a suggestion may be made here, it is to the effect that the contestants allow themselves much time for revision. It is almost impossible to avoid all defects of thought and structure at the first writing, and if the greatest masters of prose found it necessary to revise carefully, inexperienced writers will have to do no less.



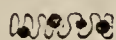
A TRITE SAYING warns us never to put off till tomorrow what can be done to-day. If all could appreciate the value of this truth in its entirety, the task of fulfilling the duties incumbent upon us would be greatly lightened and facilitated. But there seems to be a weakness in human nature which continually prompts us to postpone important duties and difficult demands, though we understand quite well that it is impossible to shirk them and that they will be none the easier of accomplishing in the future.

To the generality of men, any important or arduous work is greeted with anything but a smile. One fears the exertions demanded for its accomplishment, another feels his imagined or actual inability, and still another thinks it will go better after some time has been devoted to thought about it, "for brief delay will often show a better way." These are three reasons, why men procrastinate, not to mention a fourth, which, we fear, is not at all uncommon, plain, downright laziness. But as our experience only too plainly proves, procrastination does not lighten our task but renders it all the more difficult of accomplishment. The way to do a thing is to go at it with a vim and zeal that knows no obstacles and brooks no delay.

We all take pride in being referred to as business-like in our proceedings and actions. Such an epithet singles one out as a vigorous and energetic character,—and such we all are striving to be. But where do we find a procrastinating business-man? When does he ever set a higher value on tomorrow than on to-day? To-day is his opportunity; to-day is the golden opportunity for all. What is done to-day is

ours and will remain ours; we have the satisfaction of having performed a duty.

But by repeating procrastination, our will power is weakened, our courage droops, and no results are accomplished. If we wish to scale the ladder of success, procrastination is the first obstacle that must be removed. Well has the poet Young called it the "thief of time." For the life of the habitual procrastinator eventually becomes a life of dreams and unaccomplished plans, filled with bitter remembrances of missed opportunities.



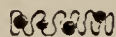
THE LECTURER plays a most important role in the drama of present-day life. Every College and University, every Literary Club and social organization has its regular quota of lectures every year, and without them an important something in the acquisition of knowledge and education is felt to be missing. This phase of the question emphasizes a few points well deserving of consideration.

In spite of the repeated assertion that the newspaper and magazine has made oratory a lost art, the multitudes are still clamoring for talks and lectures on the vital topics of the hour. The very fact that this demand exists, and is so general among all classes of people, goes to prove the important position the lecturer holds in modern life and thought. Of course, this can not be applied to the host of political demagogues and speech-makers who stump the country from city-hall to village-schoolhouse, for, aside of the unsound views they often propound, they are generally not above the ordinary intelligence of the people. The lecturer of ability, however, who has something to say and knows how to say it, will ever find his audience, and be given a most welcome hearing.

This fact also shows what the people demand of one who professes to be their superior and leader. He must be able to arouse their enthusiasm and sustain their interest in the important questions of the day, open new fields of thought and activity for them and lead them on to higher endeavors

and ideals. The printed word may, indeed, assist in accomplishing this great work, but it were surely extreme folly to award it a superior position to the spoken address. The former they may interest, but the latter forces conviction. Hence the lecturer, his qualities, his abilities and mission, may well form a profitable study for all College men, be their ultimate aim in life whatever it may.

It cannot be too much insisted on that Oratory is an art, and therefore to be acquired by practice. In College the opportunities of speaking in public are so rare, that without additional work in the class-room little headway can possibly be made in this important branch. Hence, when one is called upon to entertain his society with an exhibition of his oratorical or dramatic power, it should be his highest ambition to do his best and only the very best. The ability to express ones views clearly and forcibly is the one great demand of present-day life and the surest stepping-stone to success, and the drilling in this particular division should be as thorough and exact as in any other branch of the ordinary curriculum.



THE STUDY of our political leaders and great statesmen is a most interesting one, especially at the time of a Presidential campaign, for no better opportunity could possibly be afforded of becoming intimately acquainted with them, the principles they advocate and their actual abilities than at such a time when their partisans and opponents devote all their energy to sound the true depth of their characters.

The American politician and statesman is a class for himself. We find in him none of that overbearing aristocracy, and conceited dignity which so characteristically singles out the diplomat and statesman from across the waters. The glamor of riches and noble ancestors occupies a very inconspicuous position in the train of his make-up and character, even as it has played a very unimportant part in elevating him to the station of trust which he enjoys. Whatever position of confidence the American statesman possesses, he has acquired only after giving strong proofs of his abilities. His

worth and influence consists not in what he *has* but in what he *is*. The man who can ably represent his people, who can place their common interests above his own and those of the individual, who acts in accordance with their views and well-grounded principles, is the man whom they choose to guide their destinies and uphold their government.

This firmness and energy has been a strong point in the character of every man whom the American people ever raised to the Presidential chair, or other high positions of honor and influence. The people are energetic themselves, therefore they want one of their stamp to stand at their head, and not a mere puppet or figure-head. They want men of fearless conviction, of straight-forward and broad-minded principle to be their champions, and those who possess these qualities are the ones that receive their support and admiration, as every political campaign plainly shows.



Meeting of the St. J. C. Alumni Association.

UPON direction of the president, Rev. Edward Mungovan '97, a meeting is hereby called for the 17th of June — Commencement Day—of all the members of the St. J. C. Alumni Association, and all prospective members, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business.

On behalf of the College a most cordial invitation is extended to all the Alumni and former students of St. Joseph's to spend the days of Commencement at the College.



Exchanges.

ENSCONCING myself the other day in a quiet and shady corner of the "Smokers' Grove," with cigar in hand and a stack of magazines at my side, I looked forward to a few hours' enjoyment. This I certainly derived from the one magazine which I read from cover to cover. **Benziger's Magazine** for April, with its attractive cover page, was the first to meet my eyes, and as I perused a serial, "The Shadow of Eversleigh" by J. H. Fowler, I became oblivious of the world, and my cigar lay unheeded on the fresh grass beside me. The short stories, some of them by our best Catholic authors of to-day, prominent among them Anna T. Sadlier, next followed; the comments on the wonders of the world; interesting talks on current events; and a great, big corner just full of new games and puzzles for the children. But—I did not read it from cover to cover, after all. The mysteries of the fashion page were too much for me. There are two full pages, ye of the fair sex, given to your joys—and troubles. And what about the rest of the articles and those full page illustrations? The motto of this magazine should be—"Once taken, always taken."

The little folks with their endless pleas for stories are often a cause of annoyance to busy fathers and mothers. Why not supply them with stories already told? Subscribe to a magazine such as **Our Young People**. It is quickly pushing itself to the front ranks of those magazines that hold the interest of juvenile readers, and no "pater familias" will make a mistake by having it on the library table.

Not only to the young people is it interesting, but its stories, of which there is a round dozen in the April number, furnish real enjoyment even to those of maturer years. The other articles, such as Grandfather's Talks, Tales of the

Indians, Short Tales for Young Folks combined with the puzzle page, make the magazine one which every boy or girl would wish to have within reach.

We have nothing but praise for the **Catholic Columbian-Record**. It tells us about all one needs to know concerning what happens in the Catholic world of to-day. Let anything of vital interest fill our minds, and we are sure to find it mentioned in this Catholic Weekly.

While a paper eminently Catholic throughout, will never obtain the sale of our large city dailies, brimful of society talk and scandal, yet the subscription list would be greatly increased if it were found on the table of but half of our Catholic homes. There is hardly an excuse for all those in Indiana dioceses for not taking this paper. While not diocesan in its get-up, it devotes much space to local affairs. The paper, considered in its entirety, is spicy and well edited. Throughout, wit and satire are mingled together in pleasing variety. A story, than which few better are found, appears in every issue. If all this is not worth the subscription price, we know of no paper or magazine that can make the claim.

The Schoolman may have arrived at the acme of excellence in the production of essays, biographical and otherwise, but why not cultivate an art much finer and more subtle, that of story telling and the writing of verse? Of course, we understand that the object of a college magazine is to aid the students in the development of their literary talent, etc., but then we know every magazine wishes to have the contents interesting. A little lightness here and there would make this magazine a model to be followed by many that, as far as regards standard, are even now far below.

The **Agnesian Monthly's** reply to our short but very favorable criticism of that paper, is to us, to say the least, unintelligible. We said that the general tone of the paper reminded us of Tennyson's lines—"Sweet and low, sweet and low." The reply is, "that we are pleased at the idea of being "sweet," but our humility has not yet reached the height

that will enable us to view our literary efforts as "low." However, we are grateful for small favors." Does the lady not know a compliment when she sees or hears it? or don't we know a joke when it is uttered?

An old acquaintance, and still a comparative stranger on account of the infrequency of its calls, is the **Columbiad** from "way up in Portland." "Before Endymion" and "Italian Art at the Louvre" are characteristic for their excellent sentence structure. But the stories! The plot of "The Coveted Curio" is quite weak and sensational, and the story does not prove interesting, even though the conversational tone is very well carried out. "Inhibited" is the proud possessor of a plot that seems very, very old. And—— but it makes one feel bad to say such things in print about friends, even if they are a long way off, and we do not have to dread any bodily encounters, so we will turn the leaves over and read the best part of the paper once more. Those editorials are excellent, **Columbiad!** They couldn't have been written better or in a more pleasing light. If a magazine has good, up-to-date editorials, real sparks from the pen of a real writer, we can excuse many other defects. Come again!

It is always pleasing to see a college magazine making steady strides down the road of progress. This is what **St. John's University Record** has been doing the last year, until the April number has excelled all former editions. But, **Record**, why do you print such an essay on "The Downfall of Poland" in serial form? It is a well known and generally accepted fact that college magazines should not print continued articles. It takes a writer of more than ordinary ability to do it even in our modern weeklies and monthlies. "A Fortunate Accident" is a well written story, although in some places the language is just a little bit "halting." "The Gulf between Man and Brute" can be highly commended, for we see that it has been thoughtfully and conscientiously written. We always find "Sidelights" interesting. They are well written localisms.

It will hardly do for a college paper to be too much of a college catalogue. This is what the history of the "Double Organ" etc. in the **St. Vincent College Journal** reminds us of. Or, perhaps, you did not have enough to fill out? Well, maybe, the musical craze has struck you, **Journal**, for you have two excellent sonnets, "Largo" and "Paganini" in your April number. Besides these two poems we read the editorials. We did not skip any of them, for they are all good. The one on "Books" and that on "Education" are models of their kind.

The **Manhattan Quarterly** is a magazine which always contains a good variety of heavy and light matter. The first article in the present number is a lecture, entitled "Pius X, A Twentieth Century Pope," the contribution of an alumnus, which gives us a good insight into the achievements and aims of the present Pontiff, and acquaints us with his charming personality. The contributions by the students are not lengthy but of good quality. The short stories, "A Friend for Life" and "How the Flood Brought Fortune" are interesting exponents of this favorite literary form. We gladly notice that they are free from the common fault of short story writing—"over-attention to details." In "The Responsibility of the Catholic Graduate," our favorite, the individual paragraphs are well defined, compact, and of fine variety as to length. The editorial and alumni departments are interesting features.

The **St. Thomas Collegian** is another quarterly which has produced a favorable impression in our sanctum. The spring number is at hand, replete with polished prose and choice verse. The opening pages contain Rev. James Rardon's address to the students, "St. Thomas: The Patron of Catholic Schools." One of the best contributions is a unique and interesting sketch or episode, "The Indian Dispossessed." The soliloquy in this piece is natural and pathetic. The whole is a mild and veiled satire, complaining of the Indian's treatment by the "White Man." With half a sigh we undertook the the perusal of the essay "Robert Burns," fearing

to meet with many trite sayings and reflections, but as we advanced, our attention was arrested by the author's originality of treatment and captivating style. The only short story "Fate and a Sibyl" has no particular winning qualities, although the dialogue is handled very naturally. Among the poems which embellish this issue, two are exquisite, "Sympathy" and "The Trailing Arbutus." We were slightly disappointed in the editorial department, more by reason of a lack of quantity than quality.

One of the most progressive magazines that visit us is **The Solanian**. "Mrs Eddy and Christian Science" is a logical and masterly essay, which exposes this cult as "the embodiment of pernicious and demoralizing errors." It has a manly tone and expresses sincere indignation. It is the best essay that has come to our notice this current year—clear, strong, and harmonious. The introduction is particularly fine, even if rather lengthy. This month's issue contains another essay "Spiritism," which is very well written and of more than ordinary interest. The author elucidates his points more by example than syllogistic argument. As a light refreshment between these two "heavy-weight" essays, we read "The Rescue." This short story is deserving of praise, not only for its queer plot, but more so for the intense interest sustained to the end. The form is somewhat marred by loose sentence structure and careless punctuation. We are pleased to note that **The Solanian** has made wonderful progress during its short life, and may now claim to take rank with the best of college papers.

The following exchanges have already paid us their regular visit and we wish to express our thanks for their punctuality:— **Fordham Monthly, S. V. C. Index, Viatorian, Institute Echoes, St. Mary's Sentinel, Niagara Index, Agnetion Monthly, Loretive, The Collegian, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Laurel, The Young Eagle, Blue and White, The Dial, S. M. I. Exponent, St. Ignatius Collegian, The Patrician, Abbey Student and The Morning Star.**

Societies.

Columbian Literary Society. The spirited meeting of March 22nd, at which the final election of officers for the year occurred, is still fresh in our minds. Mr. Donnelly's nomination speech swayed the minds of all to cast a unanimous ballot in favor of Mr. Boland. The remaining offices were likewise filled in quick order. The election was as follows:

President: Mr. Joseph Boland; Vice-President: Mr. Vincent Williams; Secretary: Mr. Harvey Schmal; Treasurer: Mr. Louis M. Nageleisen; Critic: Mr. Otto Muehlenbrink; Marshal and Custodian of Reading Room: Mr. Paul Froning; Exe. Committe: Messrs. Linus Hildebrand, Henry Berghoff and Albert Fate; Librarian: Mr. Joseph Nageleisen; Advisory Board: Messrs. Vincent Williams, Otto Muehlenbrink, Bernard Condon, Joseph Boland and Albert Fate. Auditing Com.: Messrs. Joseph Dahlinghaus, Albert Gerhardstein and Cyrus Steib; Master of Properties: Mr. George Pax.

The following public program was presented on March 29.

1. Music, "Awakening of Spring,".....Choir and Orchestra.
2. Oration, "The Great Blunder,".....Albert Fate.
3. Com. Rec., "The Schoolboy's Strike,".....Theodore Koenn.
4. Piano Solo,.....Alvin Bihl.
5. Poem, — "Whip-poor-Will,".....Leo Faurot.
6. Dram. Rec., "Catiline's Defiance,".....Vincent Williams.
7. Story, "The Call of the Wild,"..... Joseph Boland.
8. Music, Romance,.....Orchestra.
9. Dram. Rec., "To the Lions,".....Charles Scholl.
10. Com. Rec., "Wanted to Learn Elocution,"..... Otto Muehlenbrink.
11. Music, "Dawn of Liberty,".....Orchestra.
12. Farce, — "Looking for Trouble":...byOtto Peters, John Kreutzer, Aloy. Besinger, Florian Notheis, Joseph Vurpillat and Roland Carmody.

Considering the fact that only seniors participated, the program needs no further comment, for the names of the participants speak for themselves.

A delightful private program was given on the evening of April 12. The numbers were well prepared and various as to length and tone.

1. Hum. Sel., "The Smith Family,".....J. Goetz.
2. Dec., "Two Brothers,".....L. Blottman.
3. Oration, "The Vice of Intemperance,"L. Walker.
4. Dr. Sel., "Faustus's Last Speech on Earth,"....Joseph Dahlinghaus.
5. Com. Rec., "Fontleroy's Wail,".....H. Hipkind.
6. Dr. Sel., "The Wreck of the Silent,".....B. Voors.
7. Essay, "Peace the Joy of Nations,".....Louis Heckman.
8. Oration, "Louis Pasteur,"Albert Scherrieb.
9. Essay, "England's Greatest Admiral,".....H. Post.
10. Hum. Sel., "Curing a Cold,"Richard Kuntz.

Aloysian Literary Society. On the evening of St. Patrick's Day, a large audience had assembled in the college auditorium to see the junior society's play, "The Cross of St. John's." The play was beautifully rendered and had several fine dramatic scenes, so that the expectations of the crowd were fully realized.

Master Leon Dufrane, in the leading role as "Simeon Merd," was perfectly at home in his part. His clear voice, and distinct speech, coupled with a happy manner of impersonation, won for him many admirers.

Mr. Aloysius Copenolle led next as "Belshazer Merd." The strong emotion and surprise occasioned by the loss of his money was strikingly brought out. The gentleman possesses a strong voice, which added greatly to the effectiveness of his lines.

Mr. Francis Shick, in the villain's role as "Theodore Mauville," had a good conception of a rather difficult part.

Master John Berghoff, as "Schulmann," also did justice to his part. His articulation was excellent. Messrs. Maurice Pauley, George Lang, Leander Vurpillat and the other participants are likewise credited with accurate interpretation of their parts. Each member was in it heart and soul, a fact which made minor imperfections pass almost unnoticed.

All the Aloysians join with the participants of the play in extending their sincere thanks to Father Meinrad Koester for helping to make the play a success.

Henry IV.

To be presented on Commencement Eve, June 16th.

After much hesitation the C. L. S. have once more chosen a Shakespeare play for rendition on Commencement eve, June 16th. In doing so they are not unaware of the great difficulties that a Shakespeare play presents to amateurs in the matter of interpretation, elocution, and action, but they were so much unpressed by the splendid character of the play as compared with others, that they could not resist the temptation to try their powers on it. Under the direction of Father Ildephonse Rapp, C. PP. S., they hope to give a fairly adequate presentation of this magnificent historical play of the great dramatist.

CAST OF PLAY.

King Henry the Fourth,.....	Albert Fate.
Henry, Prince of Wales,	Joseph M. Boland.
John of Lancaster,.....	Henry Hipskind.
Earl of Westmoreland,.....	Leo Spornhauer.
Sir Walter Blunt,.....	Louis M. Nageleisen.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester,.....	Joseph Dahlinghaus.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland,.....	Otto Peters.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son,.....	Florian Notheis.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas,	Linus Hildebrand.
Sir Richard Vernon,.....	Joseph Nageleisen.
Sir John Falstaff,.....	Otto Muehlenbrink.
Poins,.....	Joseph Vurpillat.
Gadshill,.....	Bernard Voors.
Peto,....	Henry Post.
Bardolph,.....	Charles Scholl.
Host,.....	Rolland Carmody.
Messenger,.....	Aloysius Besinger.
Sheriff,.....	Richard Kuntz.

Officers, Soldiers, etc.

Obituary.

WE REGRET very much to chronicle the death of a former popular student, Jerome Grimmer, of Springfield, O. Jerome was a young man of much promise, but his career was cut short by an attack of partial paralysis on December 24th 1907. His condition was a painless one, but all means taken to restore his health were unavailing, and he died April 11. We extend our deepest sympathy to his sorrowing mother and other relatives.

R. I. P.

Athletics.

With the appearance of the first red-breast our base-ball tossers began to make things look lively on the campus. No training trip to the sunny South was necessary to get the stiffness out of the joints and to work away the sore arms; the home atmosphere proved sufficiently congenial for the task. After a week of free for all playing the various teams were organized, and they soon declared themselves ready for all comers.

Twenty-five candidates "rang up" upon Mgr. Hasser's call for the "Varsity" try-outs, and after several games, the following were chosen as members of the squad.

George Hasser, Louis Nageleisen, Charles Pfeffer, Henry Berghoff, Roland Carmody, Florian Notheis, Joseph Nagel-eisen, Michael Coughlin, Joseph Vurpillat, Leo McGurren

and Joseph Boland. The team was unanimous in its choice of Manager, which fell upon Thomas Quinlan, who directed the teams so well in last year's battles. George Hasser, our old stand-by box-artist of the past two seasons was given a hearty ovation upon his election to the Captaincy. Mgr. Quinlan has his men down to steady work at present. Fielding and batting practice is the daily routine, and the ripping smacks of Ty. Cobb's proteges portend some heart-sore and arm-sore pitchers. In fielding the teamis, without doubt, the best we ever had on the local field and great things are expected from them in this line of the game.

Capt. Hasser will again officiate on the mound, and seems to be in better condition than ever. "Nuf said."

Notheis will be there to help the captain. He has a new assortment of wierd ones to puzzle wary ones.

L. Nageleisen will again be on the receiving end of the line and is expected to be one of the best wielders of the willow.

Berghoff tends sack number one, and will pick 'em out of the dust. A veritable Hal Chase is he.

J. Nageleisen will take care of the second station. He has all the requisites for a good second sacker, and great things are looked for from him.

Coughlin will stop the warm ones on third, and at present looks like a comer both in the field and at bat.

McGurren, premier batter of last year's league, plays the short field. "Mac" can cover ground and squelch the hot ones like a "vet," and is a terror to pitchers.

Pfeffer, our speedy left fielder of last year, will be seen in the same garden, and will make things hum in that territory.

J. Vurpillat will play center field. He is a fast and heady player and a good batter.

Carmody has his old place in right, and is taking care of everything over there. He is doing great work with the stick and is booked to continue his present pace.

Boland will play the utility role, prepared to fill any gap in the infield or outfield.

Mgr. Quinlan has his schedule about completed, and some very interesting games are listed.

Apr. 25.	Logansport H. S.	at College.
May 2.	Wheatfield Regulars	" Wheatfield.
" 3.	Rensselaer	" College.
" 9.	Lafayette H. S.	" "
" 10.	Inter-Hall	" "
" 16.	Logansport H. S.	" Logansport.
" 17.	Rensselaer	" College.
" 23.	Wheatfield	" "
" 24.	Inter-Hall	" "
" 30.	Lafayette H. S.	" Lafayette.
" 31.	Rensselaer	" College.
June 6.	DePaul University	" Chicago.
" 7.	Inter-Hall	" College.
" 13.	Open	
" 14.	Inter-Hall	" "

VARSDITY 7. LOGANSPORT H. S. 1. The season opened on Apr. 25, when the high-school lads from Logansport essayed an encounter with the "Varsity." The day was far from being an auspicious one for base-ball, the Aeolian legates coming fast and furious from all corners and playing havoc with batting averages and pitching records. Hasser delivered the pellets for the "Varsity" and showed excellent form for the initial game, striking out seventeen men and not allowing a hit.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Logansport H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
St. Joseph's.....	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	*

Two base hits. L. Nageleisen, Coughlin. Bases on balls off Hasser 3; off Smith 3. Struck out by Hasser 17; by Smith 5. Double Play. Smith to Gibbert to Gerner. Hit by pitched ball, Green, Petrie. Umpire, Healy. Attendance 400.

VARSDITY 3. WHEATFIELD REGULARS 1. On Saturday, May 2, the "Varsity" went out on the trail to Wheatfield in quest of another victory and their trip was not in vain, for after nine strenuous and exciting sessions the score-board read "Varsity" 3. Regulars 1. Hasser was again called on to push the floaters over the rubber, and though he was at times wild, he had the Regulars' sluggers hitting 'em on the

handle when men were on the bases. The "Varsity" began scoring in the first round. McGurren was given a life on a bobble by E. Miller and advanced on L. Nageleisen's sacrifice. Berghoff singled to right and McGurren tallied. Pfeffer was out, pitcher to first, and Hasser whiffed. One Run. Wheatfield followed suit, Zeuch first man up fanned. R. Anderson hit a safe one through pitcher. McNeil reached first on Hasser's error. Turner received a free ticket, filling the bases. E. Miller got in the way of one of Hasser's benders and Anderson was forced over the plate. Mason struck out. One run. The "Varsity" in the progress of the game, annexed two more scores, but Wheatfield failed to report at the home station after the first inning. Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wheatfield.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
St. Joseph's....	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0

Struck out by Hasser 10; by Anderson 7. Bases on balls of Hasser 5; off Anderson 2. Hit by pitched ball. E. Miller. Double play. Pfeffer to Berghoff. Umpire, Campbell.

THE S. J. C. LEAGUE. Shortly before the Easter holidays, the Association elected John Bennett General Manager of Base-Ball. The Board of appropriations appointed a base-ball commission to look after the choosing of the league players, and after some trial games the league was formed. It is in its second year now and from the present outlook, the race for the flag will be a warmly contested one.

The teams are evenly balanced as could be desired, and it is left to the respective Captains and Managers to develop their team into champions. The Shamrocks are managed by C. Minick and captained by M. Green; the Royals, by H. Schmal and P. McFall; the Vigilants by A. Link and O. Birkmeier; the Maroons by J. Dahlinghaus and C. Reed.

ROYALS 10. VIGILANTS 4. On Apr. 22, the league began its race for the pennant, the Royals being pitted against the Vigilants. The day was one that would make any fan rejoice and the hot rays of old Sol brought out the best playing in both teams. The Royals were attired in gray and the Vigilants in the new navy blue suits. The game was full of

interesting features. Buescher's hitting and Mahrt's clever fielding were of high class. The Royals won through their timely hitting and consistent fielding.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Royals.....	1	0	2	0	3	1	0	3	*	10	7	6
Vigilants..	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	7

Batteries. Royals. Heckman and Krentzer. Vigilants. Engbrecht and L. Vurpillat. Umpire. P. Theodore Saurer.

THE MINIMS. The Minims have also been doing some stunts around the ball yard. On Sunday, May 3rd. they captured a double header, one from the St. Xavier youngsters, the other from their Rensselaer neighbors. They made a very natty appearance in their new suits of royal blue, as did also the young ball tossers from St. Xavier's Hall with their uniforms of cardinal. Both games proved very interesting, the hitting being the special feature.

TENNIS. Tennis has not had much of a chance so far, owing to the cool weather, but the courts have been put into excellent shape by Mgr. Faurot, and great interest is expected to be taken in the game as soon as Sol permits. The annual tournament will take place soon, so all ye experts, get in trim to capture some scalps!

BASKET-BALL. A mass meeting of the Athletic Association was held in St. Aquino Hall on Sunday Apr. 26, for the distribution of the premiums to the winners in the basketball contest. The tie standing of the II. Commercial and I. Academics, mentioned in the last number having been played off, the former were returned victors by the score of 25-17, and won the title. After a few words of congratulation and thanks to the officers and players of the league, Mgr. Williams presented the awards to P. McFall, L. Vurpillat, M. Pauley, O. Birkmeier, J. Frahlich, A. Mestemacker and J. Barrett; who compose the champion team. C. Reed, R. Williams, L. McGurren, D. Moran, J. Kraft and F. Schwartz, the members of the I. Academics received the second prize. The winners in the Junior's league "the Cardinals" also received their prizes, L. Dufrane, A. Kistner, P. Herman, J. Eason and C. Grathwohl being the lucky ones.

Localisms.

Bennet can juggle the League, but the rain-crow "has him beat."

Every evening at half past four
Bud and Reichert don't play any more,
Forego their practice, and hang up the glove
And perambulate like Trojans to the tune of "Lady Love."

If Jackie looks for Charley, and Charley looks for Jack,
And each one seeks the other, and neither one turns back,
And they go the vicious circle, one steps in the other's track,
Will ever Jack find Charley, or Charles discover Jack?

Recordor memorium pueritiae ultimam.—I remember the last time I was a boy.

Natura sensibus adjunxit rationem.—Old men are by nature endowed with reason.

Otto: "What is dat trigonometry?"

Schaeper: "Oh, that's the science of telling how far the sun is from the earth."

Otto: "Oh, dat vus nudding. I go to astronomer Zip in de biggest class, and he tells me all about that stuff."

"The new base-ball suits are wonder workers, they are of such a hue. They put a person all out of gear, and you can't see a ball," says Zink. "The next time I'm going to wear one that's been washed a few times."

STRIEGEL'S SOLILOQUY.

"My dear old bed most kind and true,
You love me and I love you,
A better friend I never had,
In weather either good or bad.

You're always there in that same place,
And ever ready to embrace
Your faithful friend when tired and sore,
And ready for a good old snore."

There's one thing I hate to do,
 And that's to go to bed;
 Makes no difference how tired I is,
 Or droops my weary head.
 This seems mighty tuff at times,
 But a worser tale's to tell,
 Of risin' early to the tune
 Of that dormitory bell.

C. L.

THE BATTLE OF THE "BACHELORS."

(A Base-Ball Epic.)

There was a mighty base-ball game in sight,
 And Collegeville had gathered then
 Her old-time "Bachelors," and bright
 The sun looked down upon these gallant men.
 A hundred hearts beat happily, and when
 The shouting rose with its voluptuous swell,
 Old fans winked knowingly to fans again.
 The "Bachelors" seemed beaten for a spell,
 But crash! dash! and Otto slides to first pell-mell.
 Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind
 Or Socra's rattling bones and flying feet.
 On with the game, we're only two behind
 No stop for Tim, when Dan and Hiram fleet,
 Vince, Hanley, Ralph, the inns and out-shoots meet,—
 But crash!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
 And higher, higher, farther than before!
 Hurrah! it is—it is, Scholl's home-run, winning score!
 Ah then and there was hurrying to and fro
 The "Bachelors" gay; the "Vigilants" in distress
 With cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Glowed with the joy of a sure success.
 But these were some misgivings, such as press
 To know what means the morn, when aching thighs
 Which might be sore for weeks, who could guess,
 If ever more should wake, this team of Cy's,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.
 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Victory's circle proundly gay,
 The midnight brought the sinews stiff'ning strife,
 The morn the rubbing of limbs,—the day
 Classes' magnificently stern array!
 The joints were stiff and swollen, which when bent
 One seemed to see the stars by light of day,
 These the victor's trophies, heap'd and pent,
 Sleepy, arm-sore, stiff,—in one affliction blent!

